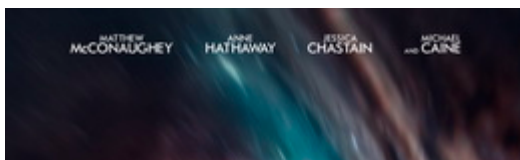


Getting INTRA-personal

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“No time for caution,” was a line uttered by TARS, an artificially intelligent robot aboard an interstellar spaceship during a critical moment in which humans and their technology collaboratively rescued themselves from a close encounter with death. This is a reference to a scene from one of my favorite films: *Interstellar* (directed by Christopher Nolan, 2014).





What I particularly love about this scene is that it replicates some of my brighter moments of introspection when my “higher self” takes over and tells my “lower self” to stop being such a damn perfectionist! You see, I am human; therefore, I am inevitably prone to error and I have certain limitations that all humans share.

These human limitations contradict the fact that I have an EGO that seems to want immortality, omniscience, and the ability to transcend this feeble little body and mind and become integrated with a network. I think this is only natural. It’s my basic survival instinct augmented by my knowledge and faith in what I believe is possible; at least in theory.



If I only operate from my “little self” (which includes the grandiose “core” generated by the reptile in me), all I will aspire towards is SURVIVAL. Fundamentally, it makes no difference whether my SURVIVAL instinct is concerned with just my own individual “SINGLE-cellular” survival or the survival of humanity as a whole. In the end, we are each fragments of the same MULTI-cellular organism (or SUPER-organism).

My “little self” is able to communicate outside of itself in an exchange known as INTER-personal communication; but my “higher self” is accessible via INTRA-personal communication: the process in which my internal psychological fragments become whole in an act of cooperative inquiry. It’s the opposite of feeling broken inside. It’s like coming home for the first time.



This view of ESO's La Silla Observatory reveals the splendour of the night sky and shows several of the domed telescopes located at the site. The glowing band of the plane of the Milky Way Galaxy slants through the sky from the upper left to the lower middle, where the now closed GPO (Grand Prism Objectif) dome, which also hosted the Marly 1-metre telescope, looms in the foreground, together with the Danish 1.54-metre telescope. The ghostly, bluish objects above the GPO's dome are two galaxies belonging to the Milky Way's close neighbourhood and known as the Large and Small Magellanic Clouds. La Silla's collection of domed telescopes also includes the ESO 3.6-metre telescope, home to HARPS (High Accuracy Radial velocity Planet Searcher), the world's foremost exoplanet hunter, and the 3.58-metre New Technology Telescope, which broke new ground for telescope engineering and design, and was the first in the world to have a computer-controlled main mirror (active optics), a technology developed at ESO and now applied to most of the world's current large telescopes. La Silla is one of the most scientifically productive ground-based facilities in the world after ESO's Very Large Telescope (VLT) observatory, both of which are located in northern Chile's Atacama Desert.

I write this at 4AM. About this time, the poet bus driver is getting up and heading out to work. He told me that he rarely has the chance to visit the oasis I sometimes call "Horse Hill." Right now, there seems to be zero horses inhabiting that hilly pasture, but there is a small herd of cattle. I'm starting to get acquainted with them. They are my family. So are the coyotes. They appeared to me last night and reminded me to trust in my truest "higher power."

Whenever I take a leap of faith and ask the universe to reveal itself to me, it frequently seems to put me in close counters with animals such as deer, coyote, and cats. It's not just a coincidence. I deliberately seek out such experiences. It's not because I somehow deserve the privilege of INTER-species communication;

it's because I have sought it out deliberately.

It's an honor to be in the presence of animals who normally chose to avoid human contact and who resist domestication. That's one of the reasons I have a special affinity with cats. In fact, they basically raised me. They taught me lessons that are profound beyond words. They showed me a kind of love no human I've known has ever been able to match in terms of sincerity. I know what it means to be unconditionally loved thanks to the cats in my life. Not only did they teach me how to meditate IN REAL LIFE (the ultimate form of INTRA-personal communication); the cats taught me how to love and be loved.

Unlike humans, cats have no hidden agenda. They are unabashedly SELFISH. They understand that they have a right to exist and to be free and sovereign over themselves. Their independence is highly attractive to many humans. Firstly, cats embody many of the ideals we humans wish we had: quiet confidence and serenity. Secondly, cats are a source of unconditional love.



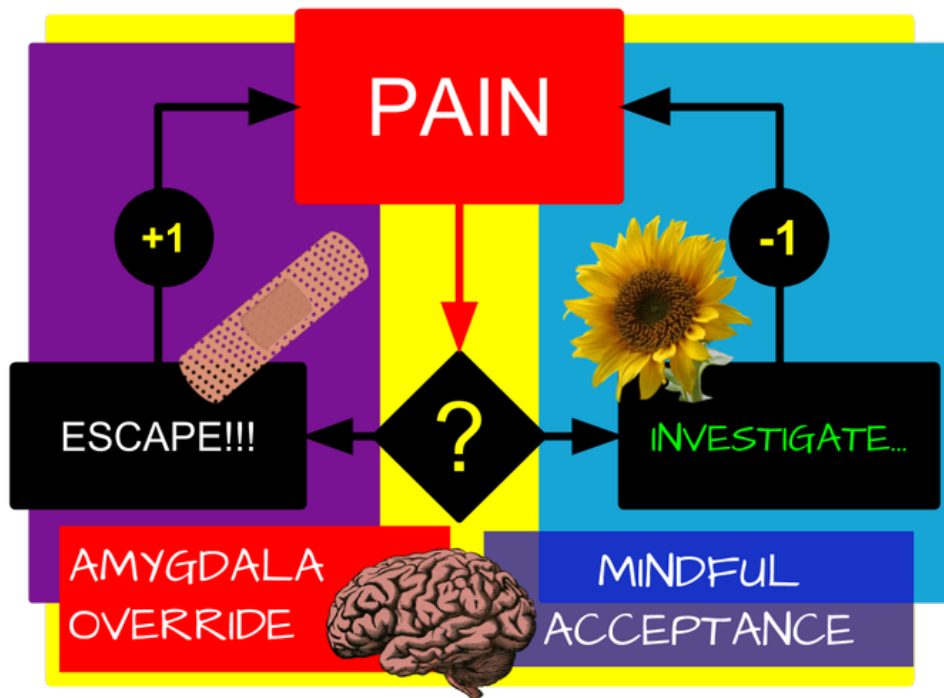
Being in the presence of a cat is magical. Kiki and Spyro each have the freedom to leave whenever they want. Both know how to hunt for birds and mice. They have no need for us humans, but they do take full advantage of our willingness to share food and shelter

with them. Clearly, they are not “free loaders” that just stop by for a quick meal only to scamper off to the next house of human chumps. Spyro seems especially destined to be a guardian of the household. I think cats are royal by nature.



Spyro is the true king of the house I’m currently living in. He is playful at times and reserved at others. I usually find him whenever I most need him. Just being in his company is enough to inspire me and to “recharge” my metaphorical batteries; which are sadly depleted because of the abuse I have suffered at the hands of people who have bullied me over the course of my lifetime; especially those who made the biggest “loving” gestures to win me over.

I understand that this diary is a bit meandering. I do not apologize. It needs to be said. I do not want to die with my story still trapped inside my mind. It needs to come out into the light of day where it can be seen for what it is: just a story.



Several months ago, I was reading a book about the phenomena of love. I was reading it at a particularly painful time in my life while I was still pining for a man who fooled me into trusting him with my heart only to be strung along and used up and thrown away as though I were a disposable commodity; just a an object to be “used” and taken for granted.

Thankfully, I now see my ex lover for who he really is. He’s not the empath he claimed he was nor is he the cult leader he seems to want to be (he even said he wanted to start his own cult...go figure). Where I once saw a man worthy of slavish devotion is a sad little man hiding behind the proverbial curtain. The great and powerful Oz is nothing more than a fake and grandiose projection of a rather pathetic person.

Still I love him. Still I forgive him. Still my heart aches for the loss of what I thought we shared. I see now that the dream of growing old together is no longer feasible. It was just a “future faking” sham; just another “bait and switch” hook to get me where I was most vulnerable: that empty little space where self-love was absent.



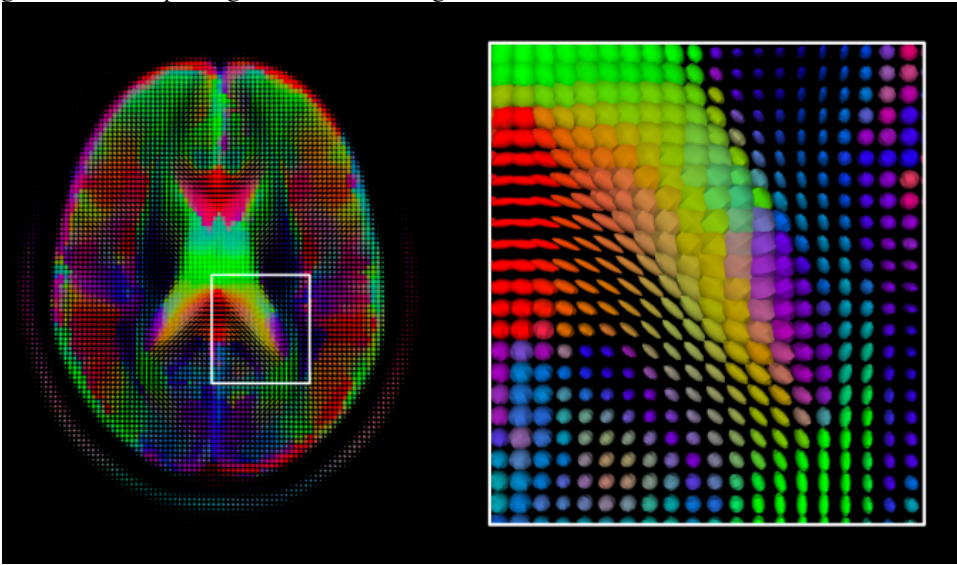
Anyway, I remember reading in that book of love about how much of what we humans refer to as love is mostly a fabrication. What we imagine to be ideal love is largely the product of fiction. We can manifest “love” seemingly out of thin air by imagination alone. I learned how to reconcile the extreme cognitive dissonance I was going through while dating a man who appears to have been suffering “[borderline personality disorder \(https://www.nami.org/Learn-More/Mental-Health-Conditions/Borderline-Personality-Disorder/\)](https://www.nami.org/Learn-More/Mental-Health-Conditions/Borderline-Personality-Disorder/)” a condition in which the self is so badly fragmented by having been deeply abandoned in some way that it develops an OVER-reactive defense against future abandonment.

Ironically, all this does is guarantee the demise of romantic relationships. We could never seem to get ours off the ground. It was like we were never able to be more than just two horny teenagers. Of course I wanted so much more than to be part of yet another “throwaway” relationship; but our mutual neurosis kept us in a death spiral.



The relationship was a kind of prison in which I surely developed Stockholm Syndrome. I was in such a weakened state emotionally that I hung onto every word and gesture and imagined “signs of life” where there were none. I told myself a lie in order to make the painful (and seemingly eternal and changeless) present seem tolerable. In hindsight, I see that I was like the proverbial frog in boiling water. I had no idea I was being boiled to death since I slowly learned to acclimate to an increasingly higher level of suffering to the point that I experienced a real psychotic break that landed me in a psychiatric ward.

Maybe even this is yet another story I tell myself to give the chaos a unifying thread of coherence. INTRA-personal communication is my EGO’s desperate attempt to find that holy grail of a unifying theory to explain what cannot be explained; to unify the fractured parts of my being....to come home to wholeness once again.



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